

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

* "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back," *

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1896.

NUMBER 44.

Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPON, President.
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,19

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL, \$200,000. SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. HIGHTPALE, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Broadway Millinery Store.

New Spring Styles

—OF—

Hats and Bonnets

OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE.
Fancy Goods, Flowers, Hair Braids, Ribbons, etc., at prices to suit the times.

Mrs. MAGGIE GILLUM,
No. 81 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.
Recently removed from 49 N. Broadway.

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CAMPTON, KY.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

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Physician and Surgeon,

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Surgery and obstetric specialty

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Mr. Ferguson, of Crassy creek, has moved to town and will run the engine for the Maytown mill.

E. W. Moske, the boss miller, will move to your town this week. Mr. Bailey also left us for your town. It is fine weather for moving.

J. W. Cravens, of your town, and W. R. Marks, of Knoxville, Tenn., were the guests of W. P. Seitz Tuesday.

Miss J. F. Seitz stopped over night Monday night on his way home from Frankfort. He says the special can gal-

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How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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—AND—

This Paper
Both
For ...\$2.50.

By special arrangement the proprietors of this paper are able to offer it and

The Louisville Evening Post

for one year for \$2.50. A daily newspaper is essential to every well informed man, and is crowding out the old weekly editions of political papers.

—The new facilities of the Evening Post are numerous.

—Its Washington correspondence.

—Its New York correspondence.

—Its London correspondence.

—It will have daily reports of Congressional proceedings and of all that is occurring at Frankfort.

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The Kentucky affair will greatly affect the course of parties.

National conventions will be held in June and July.

The election in November will be full of surprises.

During such a year of doubt and disturbance every man wants to read

Daily Market Reports,

and those of the Evening Post are undoubtedly the best.

The Evening Post is running daily columns from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, by the Great American Authors.

Remember the Evening Post and this newspaper, both one year, for

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Subscriptions to the Evening Post under any name by mail only, postage prepaid.

Send subscriptions to this office.

ROOT IN THE HEAD! SET IN QUALITY!

WORMS!

WHITE'S OREAN VERMIFUGE

FOR 25 YEARS
Has led all WORM Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

A daily newspaper, with all the name implies, \$12 days in the year, and THE HERALD one year, all for \$2.50, is one of the miracles of cheap journalism. But we have arranged with the publishers of the Louisville Evening Post for this great combination. If you want daily market reports, or full and fair reports from Washington or Frankfort, you should send your subscriptions to us at once. The Evening Post does not color its news, so you get all the news straight. The state news of the Evening Post is the best department in any daily paper. Remember, THE Evening Post and this journal for \$2.50.

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Japanese Oil is said to be the most wonderful fluid for external application that scientific chemists have yet been able to compound. Hundreds and thousands testify to this as it has saved both life and expense. Sold at this office at 40 cents a bottle. Try it, as it is a household necessity and always a friend in need.

Jas. H. Swango, of this place, will begin a select school at West Liberty on Feb. 3, for a term of ten weeks. He will not doubt have a large school, and several teachers are expected to enroll, preparatory for examinations for certificates in the summer.

An Old Soldier's Recommendation.

In the late war I was a soldier in the First Maryland Volunteers, Company G. During my term of service I contracted chronic diarrhea. Since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief it would injure my stomach, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy was brought to my notice. I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief and no bad results follow. I take pleasure in recommending this preparation to all my old comrades, who, while giving their services to their country, contracted this dreadful disease as I did, from eating unwholesome and uncooked food. Yours truly, A. E. Bending, Halsey, Oregon. For sale by John M. Rose.

Bruce Marcum was last week sent to the penitentiary for one year from the Wolfe circuit court on charge of perjury in the issuance of a marriage license. Bruce is the son of Ned Marcum, of Breathitt county. The case will be appealed.



Mr. George W. Tulcy, Benjamin, Missouri.

Good Advice Quickly Followed

Cured of Rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"I was taken down with rheumatism over a year ago. I was sick for over six months. Often I would have such pains that I could hardly endure them. A friend came to me and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few days I was able to take eight bottles of it."

It Has Cured Me

When the doctors could do me no good what else has been tried in vain from this medicine? I describe Hood's Sarsaparilla as a wonderful medicine. I also advise every one who is troubled with Rheumatism and to be well."

out Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a farmer, and the medicine has given me much energy and strength to perform my work. G. I. HOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are made and prepared in proportion and appearance. No. 1, 2, 3.

Constipation & Biliousness

Sick-headache, Pains in the back, Pale complexion, Loss of appetite and Exhaustion.

There is only one cure, which is

RAMON'S PILLS

One Pink Pill touches the liver and removes the bile.

One Tonic Pellet keeps the bowels open, restores the digestive organs, tones up the nervous system and makes new rich blood. Complete treatment, two medicines, one price, 25c.

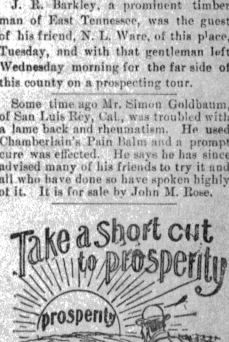
Treatise and sample free at any store. BROWN MFG. CO., New York.

If you are indebted to this office on subscription, job work or advertising, you will oblige us very much by coming to the Captain's office and paying your dues. We need a little of the fifty laurels about as bad as a hobo does a meal's victuals at times, and your promptness with relief our distress and be forever appreciated. Never mind the rush. Come on and we'll try and attend your wants.

J. R. Barkley, a prominent timberman of East Tennessee, was the guest of his friend, N. L. Ware, of this place, Tuesday, and with that gentleman left Wednesday morning for the far side of this county on a prospecting tour.

Some time ago Mr. Simon Goldbaum, of San Luis Rey, Cal., was troubled with a lame back and rheumatism. He used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and a prompt cure was effected. He says he has since advised many of his friends to try it and all who have done so have spoken highly of it. It is for sale by John M. Rose.

Take a short cut to prosperity



Mrs. Miles K. Wilson and her son, Joe Lee, gave our office a pleasant call Saturday, and left the necessary for THE HERALD to still be sent to them. Would be pleased to have a number of such callers.

For the next thirty days you can secure the Cincinnati Weekly Engineer and HAZEL GREEN HERALD for 12 months at only \$1.00. Don't delay, but send your \$1 to this office at once.

W. R. Murry, representing the wholesale hat house of George & Murphy, of Knoxville, Tenn., was a guest of the Day House a few days this week.

Why suffer with that headache, when you can secure a box of Meigremine at this office for 60 cents and get immediate relief.

Wanted, 500 bushels of good Wheat. Will pay 75c per bushel on notes and accounts, or in merchandise, including flour (S. E. Kern brand) wheat to be delivered as superior in Hazel Green. T. T. DAY.

THE NEW YORK LEADER,

America's Greatest Story Paper.

Always publishes the best and most interesting short stories, serials, novels, and plays of authors that can be produced, regardless of expense. The latest fiction novel and play can be found every week in the Leader.

Women's World Page. There is always something in the New York Leader that will interest every woman. Try it.

20c per copy. Price 5c extra. See ads in this paper by Miss LARA.

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MOST IN QUANTITY, BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM

VERMIFUGE

FOR 23 YEARS

Has led all Worm Expellers.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by J. C. WOOD, JR., CHICAGO.

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J. T. DAVIS

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

American's Greatest Story Paper.

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It Has Cured Me

When the doctors would do me no good whatever. After being afflicted so much from this medicine I describe Hood's Sarsaparilla as a wonderful medicine. I have advised every one I know with rheumatism not to be without it to perform my work. GEORGE W. TULCY, Benjamin, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

out Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a farmer, and make live stock my business. I have been cured of my rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

A Sermon Which Appeals to the Un-
controverted Everywhere.

The Query: "Sirs, What Must I Do to Be Saved?" This Was the Cry of an Agitated Soul—Dr. Talmage's Answer on a Question of Incomparable Importance.

For the closing discourse of the year Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconverted everywhere—viz, The Philippian jailer. The text selected was, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts vi, 30. Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold and dark and damp and loathsome and hideous, unillumined save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with the clamor of thirst, their heads faint because they cannot lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building and amid pleasant surroundings is a paid officer of the government whose business it is to superintend the prisoners, and who sits still in the corridors of the dungeon as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dysentery, or the dampness of the walls, but suddenly crash go their feet. The two clerymen pass out free. The jail keeper, although familiar with the darkness and horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and, flambou, in a desire to rush through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand now among those who are asked the same question, and I feel less earnestness, and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from Heaven. There are those in this audience who might be more skillful in the present than I am, but there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science, or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior, but I yield to no one in this assembly in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail keeper. And first, I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with displaying the pestiferous and vile and infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The text says: "Four leopards, equivalent to 'lords,' recognized the mission of the honor of their mission. Sirs! If a man with a capacious spirit tries to find the way to Heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all religion as hypocrisy and fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mysteries and inscrutable, saying: 'Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if the truth be, that that is true' no such man finds the way to Heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world; he did not ask how Christ could find sinners; he did not ask how he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and he asked it practically. But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion. What would you think if a man were to spend his time discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing the chemistry of the gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water will baptize or a baptismal pool will baptize, whether the mission and the agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss had for me to discuss is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he had many friends there in the prison, and he was interested in the welfare of those who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their way desperate. He is not questioning them. The whole weight of his question rests on the prisoner, and he says: "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian, he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that time he reaches the most important question about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall

I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off on others. We prophesy a bad end to that which is a terrible exposure to that defaulter and awful catastrophe to that prodigal. We are so busy in weighing other people, we forget ourselves to get into the case. We are so busy watching the poor garden of other people that we let our own doorway go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the lifeboat we sink in the "Flood." We are so busy seeing our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested, although our own house is in the conflagration, that we wander thoughts, disappear today. Hot on this side, and I am here except yourself. Your sin, is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your Heaven, is it secured? A jailer characterizes the question that which for the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will engulf all the American cities into the sea. The great Pacific ocean will swallow up the Alps and the Andes shall rise up and then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was only anxious about the falling of a prison, but the falling of a world.

Again, I remark, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as a question of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had scores of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in this one question of the text. "What must I do to be saved?" This is the question, my brother, any question of importance compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common sense tells you that you will soon be dead, and your business will be very well that you will soon pass out of that partnership. You know that beyond a certain point of all the millions of dollars' worth of goods would be worth a yard of good cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflagration should sweep all Washington into ashes it would not touch you and would not hurt you. If every cashed note, every bond, every bank, every company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this other side the grave with business on the other side the grave. Have you made any purchases for eternity? Have you any securities that will last forever? Are you jobbing for time when you might be jobbing for eternity? Is there any question so broad as the base, so altitudinous, so overshadowing as the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Or is it a domestic question? Is it a question of mother or mother-in-law or husband or wife or son or daughter that is the more important question? You know by universal and inexorable law the relation will soon be changed, and the wife, the mother, the son will be gone, children will be gone, you will be gone, but after that the question of the text will begin to harrow his chief griefs, or deplore its worst losses, or deplore its mightiest sorrows, or sweep its vaster circles.

Oh, what a question—what an important question! Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III? He is now a humiliated man, a man at Sedan, whether he did the Talieries or Chiselhurst, whether he was emperor or exile? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did it give him any better feeling than the dress of a soldier? If he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it soon make to you or to me whether in this world we walked or rode, whether we were bowed to or bowed down, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked out? While laying hold of every moment of the future and burning in every splendor or every grief and over-coming or under-coming all sin and all eternity will be the plain, startling, infinite, stupendous question of the text. "What must I do to be saved?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of a man, and he was a prisoner. If all had gone well; if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake; if the prisoners had all staid quiet in the stocks; if the morning sun and light had not been in the jail; if the pillow, do you think he would have hurried this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? Ah, no! You know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to think the same question. It has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not as in the morning when you were changed the par? Do you not like sufferer and crimson and purple as well as once? Yes, but you say: "While I was prosperous and happy those colors were according to my station. Now they were to be discarded to my soul." And so you have played up the shadows into your apparel. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you!

Once you said: "Oh, if I could only have it quiet a little while!" It is too quiet now.

Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from Heaven even if they had the opportunity. If you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones, and soon the dead would be bounding in the hall, and soon their voices would be heard in the family, and the old times would come back just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone for ever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so real, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up your loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balm for something that ever exuded from earthly love to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are and try to break up our loneliness, but nothing but the light of the torch of heaven, the bruised soul and the ill in bosom, the hush it with the lullaby of Heaven. O brother! O sister! The gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until the torch of heaven, the loss of your friends, or the prostration of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that startled you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

But I remark again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as hasty, urgent and immediate. He put it on the run. By the light of the torch of heaven, look for the apostles behold his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness. No one can doubt by that look that the man is in earnest. He must have the question answered here, before the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he will never have it answered at all. Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question off? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. That is the only kind of question that is answered. It is the urgent and immediate question of the gospel. Christ answers. A great many are asking this question, but they draw it out, and there is indifference in their manner as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question, and you will have it answered before an hour passes, before a minute passes. When a man with all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God, he finds Him, and finds the answer to his question.

Oh, are there not at this house to-day those who are postponing until the last hour of living the attending to the things of the soul? I give it as my opinion that ninety-nine out of the hundred questions of the agitated soul to nothing. Of all the scores of persons mentioned as dying in the Bible, of how many do you read that they successfully repented in the last hour? Of 200? Of 100? No. Of 30? No. Of 20? No. Of 10? No. Of 1—only, barely 1. As if to demonstrate the fact that there is a bare possibility of repenting in the last hour, but that is improbable, awful, improbable, terribly improbable. One hundred to one against the man. If, my brother, my sister, you have ever seen a man try to repent in the last hour, you have seen something very sad. I do not know anything on earth so sad as to see a man try to repent on a deathbed. There is not from the moment that life begins to breathe in infancy to the last gasp of life, but the moment that life begins is the family in conversation as to what is to become of them. All the bells of eternity ringing the soul out of the body. All the past rising before the eyes of the future. The man is an infinite fool who procrastinates to the deathbed his repentance.

My text does not answer the question. It only asks it, with deep and important earnestness asks it, and, according to the rules of sermonizing, you would say: "Adjourn that to some other time." But I dare not. What are the rules for sermonizing to me when I am after souls? What other time could I have, when perhaps this is the only time? This might be my last hour for preaching. This might be my last hour for hearing.

(After my friend in Philadelphia died his children gave his church Bible to me, and I read it; looked over it with much interest. I saw in the margin written in lead pencil, "Mr. Talmage said this morning that the judgment is less than in all God's universe is that any sinner should perish." I did not remember saying it, but it is true, and I say it now, whether I said it then or not. The most useful sermonizing of all God's universe is that any sinner should perish. Twelve gates wide open. Have you not heard how Christ bore our sorrows and how sympathetic He is with our sorrows? Have you not heard how that with all the sorrows of heart and all the agonies of hell upon him he cried: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." By his feet and his hands and his sweat and his back writhed until the skin came off, by his death couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet, by his sepulcher, in which for the last hour for 72 years the cruel world

let him alone, and by the heavens from which he now bends in compassion, offering pardon and peace and life eternal to all—our souls, I beg of you to put down your soul at His feet.

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony, his face as white as
We fixed his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.
On never ill my latest breath
Will I forget that day.
It seemed to charge me with his death,
"Thou hast not a word to speak."

In the troubled times of Scotland Sir John Cochrane was condemned to death by the king. The death warrant was on the way. Sir John Cochrane was bidding farewell to his daughter Grizel at the prison door. He said: "Farewell, my darling child, I must die. My daughter said: 'But, father, you shall not die.' 'No,' he said, 'the king is against me, and the law is after me, and the death warrant is on its way, and I must die. Do not dare to weep for me, my dear child.' The daughter said: 'Father, you shall not die,' as she left the prison gate. At night, on the moors of Scotland, a disguised wayfarer stood waiting for the horseman carrying the mailbags containing the death warrant. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came, he clutched the horse and shouted to the rider—the man who carried the mailbags, 'Amount!' He felt for his arms and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness. The horseman, in the darkness, was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness. The horseman, in the darkness, was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness.

The second time the death warrant was on its way, the disguised wayfarer came along and asks for a little bread and a little wine, starts on across the moors, and they say: "Poor man, to have to go out on such a stormy night. It is dark, and you will lose yourself on the moors." "Oh, no," he says, "I will not!" He trudged on and stopped amid the brambles and waited for the horseman to come carrying the mailbags. The disguised wayfarer, as the horse came, he clutched the horse and shouted to the rider—the man who carried the mailbags, 'Amount!' He felt for his arms and was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness. The horseman, in the darkness, was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness. The horseman, in the darkness, was about to shoot, but the wayfarer jerked him from the saddle, and he fell flat. The wayfarer picked up the mailbags, put them on his shoulder, and vanished in the darkness.

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A quality, weak and helpless worm.
On thy head am I laid,
On thy strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

—Because the misanthrope thinks his talents are not sufficiently valued and envied by his fellow citizens, or rather because he has a tendency to do not choose to be subject to his caprices, he talks of quitting cities, towns and societies, and living in dens or deserts.—Saurin.

—He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself, and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather a sort of using it.—Cicero.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The thermometer in use 350 years ago, partook somewhat of the modern form, but with a difference. The alcohol was not colored, and the tube was exactly a decimeter in length, being graduated with marks of black enamel. Every tenth mark was larger than the rest, and in white instead of black enamel.

A single specimen of the salmon mykiss, or golden trout, has recently been put in the ponds of the state fish hatchery at Suisun, Cal. This fish came from the waters between the upper and lower Agua Bonita Falls on Mount Whitney, at an elevation of about 12,000 feet, and so far as known this is the only place where this species of fish is found.

A felt hat is now made by a pneumatic process. A conical cup perforated with holes is provided. The air beneath is exhausted, while by a current device the felt is forced openly to all parts of the outside of the receptacle, and by the strong pressure and rush of the air, is thrown upon the frame and distributed, thus forming the basis for the hat.

In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the Siberian mites, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric, which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. When dirty, like asbestos, it is thrown into the fire, by which it is made perfectly clean without injury to the material.

—Santa Clara county, Cal., is being stocked with various species of pheasants by the county game commission. Six pairs of English pheasants and fifty pairs of Mongolian pheasants were turned loose on the game preserve in the country recently, and twenty-five pairs of silver pheasants will be procured and turned loose very soon. The birds will be protected for several years, and are expected to be in the future, furnish excellent sport for the hunters.

—The fact that in the old Puritan days in New England it was rare for a man to have more than two names, his surname and a Christian name, has been noted in a recent search of old records in Maine. In York, Me., during the first quarter of the last century, out of more than 1,600 record of births there, only 300 only carried the child received two given names. Extra names were useless adornments, and an abomination to the plain people of those times and places.

—The Mithridatic war was caused by the king of Pontus, Mithridates VI., king of Pontus, 88 B. C., and was remarkable for its duration, its many sanguinary battles, and the cruelties of its commanders.

—The eagle, which is the symbol of Aquilus, made him ride on an ass through a great part of Asia, crying as he rode, "I am Aquilus, consul of the Romans." He is said to have been so bold that he dared to be poned down his throat in derision of his avarice. 85 B. C. Mithridates was defeated by Pompey, 66 B. C.

WATER AND GOLD.

Simple Processes by Which Millions of Dollars Are Annually Gained.

It is not generally known, even in California, that millions of dollars are annually taken from rude heaps of base-looking quartz by the flowing of water over huge piles of broken rocks that contain the precious metal. The process is so simple that a child has now been reduced to such a fine point that the gentle flow of water over the ore gleams of its golden treasures, and it works well in cases where other chemicals and other methods are not so useful.

The water used by miners in bringing gold from piles of mineral-bearing quartz is charged with a simple chemical process. The water is charged with gold and held in solution. The sparkling liquid, which flows over hundreds of tons of quartz, trickles through the mines and seeks its level, laden with metal. The charge is a deadly poison, cyanide of potassium, a drug which ferrets out the minutest particles of the yellowish metal and dissolves them and brings the precious hidden to the surface for conversion into refined gold again.

The cyanide process is as noiseless and unerring as the laws of gravitation. The method is based on the fact that even a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium dissolves gold and silver, forming, respectively, auripotassic cyanide and argento-potassic cyanide. The solution is separated from the solid matter by the addition of alcohol, which precipitates in metallic form. During the last five years the process has been introduced into almost every gold field in California and elsewhere, and it has been found that the gold has been recovered by the gentle flow of the waters charged with the magical chemical.

Precipitation is effected by the use of fine particles of zinc, so arranged that when the rich waters flow over them the fine gold clusters in rich deposits over the zinc, for which it has an affinity. The zinc has a tendency to dissolve in the form of fine dust on the plates of zinc.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

A nurse sympathized.
"Better get them ducks out," said the lady to her son, "before they get to fighting."
"Which ducks?"
"These two actin' as the fat table that's tellin' each other 'bout the friends they have in the duck pond."

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, Jan. 30, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. T. FYRD, of Campton, as a candidate for the office of Circuit Court Clerk for Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

LACONIC LIVE NEWS.

The supervisors of Morgan county have raised the taxable property of that county \$50,000.

Judge James H. Mulligan, consul general to Samoa, arrived in Lexington on Sunday, and on Monday evening was banqueted at the Navarre cafe.

Barney J. Treacy, one of the best known turfmen and trotting horse men in America, made an assignment at Lexington last week for the benefit of creditors.

The court of appeals affirmed the death sentence of Henry Smith, colored, of Lexington. Smith's crime was criminal assault, committed on the person of Mrs. Henderson.

Cuban affairs have materially changed within the last few days, and it now looks as if the Insurgents will be defeated just when it was hoped they would gain their independence.

William E. Schlemmer, a faith healer, has been making some very remarkable cures of chronic diseases at and near Anton, Ohio, and from newspaper reports is becoming as famous as our own Sol Adams.

Senators Frank J. Cannon and Arthur Brown, of the new state of Utah, took the oath of office in the U. S. senate chamber on Monday, the former drawing the term ending March 13, 1899, and the latter the term expiring March 13, 1897.

"Next" was not heard in a Chicago barber shop Saturday night, as is the usual custom, because the six girl barbers went on a strike. The sweetheart of one had called to escort her to a ball, when the proprietor ejected him. Hence the strike.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Arkansas Kicker, published at Hardy, Arkansas, and note among other things that it publishes "The Little Country Town," a poem which originated with this paper, (we didn't write it,) and from indications is likely to become as famous as THE HERALD.

Thomas Foreman, a prominent business man of Lexington, and the late Republican candidate for mayor of that city, died suddenly of heart disease Saturday morning while at the breakfast table, aged 55 years. Mr. Foreman began life a very poor boy, but by strict industry and business integrity won wealth in every venture he made and above all the esteem of his fellow-men.

Since this paper made the announcement a few weeks ago that Hon. W. M. Beckner, of Winchester, would probably be a candidate for congress from this district, the papers generally have spoken in the most favorable terms of that gentleman, and we but voice the

sentiment of the masses when we maintain that he is the strongest man yet mentioned. During the short time he served in the national legislature he proved his worth as a worker and the people will return him, or we are much mistaken.

Wood Dunlap, of Lexington, and one of the most prominent young Republicans in Kentucky, has authorized the announcement that he will be a candidate for delegate-at-large from Kentucky to the National Republican convention. Mr. Dunlap is one of the cleverest fellows that ever affiliated with the Republican party and we should like to see him get the nomination.

Mary Nellis, wife of the man, and Edward Gardner, barkeeper, and her paramour, have been detected in an attempt to do Peter H. Nellis, proprietor of the Avenue hotel at Erie, Penn., by slow poison. Nellis carries a \$10,000 insurance policy, and this mixed with the illicit love of the couple, is supposed to have instigated the crime.

HON. W. J. SEITZ FOR MCKINLEY.

A Prominent Mountain Republican Voices the Sentiment of His Section.

Hon. W. J. Seitz, of West Liberty, has been here for several days. Mr. Seitz is one of the most prominent in the Republican ranks of the Tenth Kentucky district. He will run for congress in that district this fall. He says he is ardently for sound money and protection and will make them issues of his campaign.

Mr. Seitz has business interests in the mountain section and travels over 14 of the 16 counties in the district. In discussing the situation there as to its choice for Republican presidential nominees, Mr. Seitz said:

"My district is unquestionably for William McKinley for president. He is the first and only choice of the Tenth district, and is as sure to get its votes as the convention is held."

"Of course," continued Mr. Seitz, "if a time should come in the convention when the nomination of Gov. Bradley is probable or possible, the Tenth district would be glad to honor him with its votes, but as a direct issue between the other presidential candidates, nine men out of ten are for McKinley first, last and always."

"McKinley, in the eyes of the people of Kentucky, is the ideal candidate for president. His position on the currency question and protection, his absolutely clean official and personal record, his splendid mastery of all public questions and his perfect independence of political combines and political machines, make him the central figure of the Republican party and of American politics. I regard his nomination on the first ballot at St. Louis as an absolute certainty."

"What position will your district take as to a delegate from the state at large?" asked the reporter.

"Why, it will support no man not recognized as a supporter of McKinley. Of course, if the delegate has announced for Bradley first and McKinley second, that will be all right. We will not object to that. But we will support no man who is non-committal as to second choice or committed to any other than McKinley. The people of my district do not believe that Kentucky should send a 'trading' delegation to St. Louis, and they propose to know precisely how every delegate stands toward McKinley. It is only a question of allowing the people to express an opinion, and they propose to do it."

"McKinley will sweep the country as no man has in a generation. He always runs ahead of his ticket. The Ohio legislature in 1890 gerrymandered his district, making it Democratic by 3,200 and the Democrats nominated Lieutenant Governor Warwick, their strongest man, against him. In spite of the tidal wave that year that gave the Democrats 140 majority in congress, McKinley was beaten by only 285 in that enormously Democratic district."

"In 1891 he was nominated for

governor and ran ahead of his ticket. In 1893 he made the second race for governor and won by 85,000, then the largest majority ever given in Ohio in a time of peace. In 1895 he threw his personality into the campaign, stumped every district and county and helped pile up 100,000 majority for Gen. Bashaell."

"I am personally acquainted with Gov. McKinley and I can say that if the convention nominates McKinley the Republican party will not have to apologize or explain a single act in official career or private life. With McKinley as our candidate we will sweep the north and south."—Staff cor. Lexington Leader.

We will take good sound corn on all subscriptions due this office, where parties have not the money, and allow 33 1/3 cents per bushel. The corn to be delivered at this office.

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Malaria, Nervous ailments
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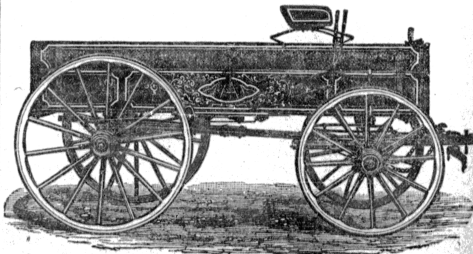
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